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LOVE'S REPROACH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Love! bear with me a little space;
The way we tread will not be long.
Forgive the tear-stains on my face,
I feel I am no longer strong.
My life has been so sad and cold,
And I, alas! am growing old.

Not yonder! There lie youth and hope,
The backward path is not for me.
Beside that warm and sunny slope
Lie the sleuth-hounds of memory.
Ah me! life cannot move too fast
For one who flyeth from the past.

Your fair, false face; Love's bitter-sweet!
Your vows, pledged to the powers above!
My heart lies broken where your feet
So lightly dance from love to love.
Ah! once your tender lips and eyes
Won that fond heart you now despise.

Alas! not only they who sin
Drain sorrow's bitter cup and live,
Love, tell me what my fault has been,
Till I repent and you forgive.

Why am I made the sport of fate,
Sick, and sad, and desolate?

My life draws to its end; I know
That pain and grief are mortal ills,
The waves of death upon me flow
Down all life's bleak and frozen hills;

Fatal to me are Time's decrees,

And cruel all my memories.

Hope's golden walls are overthrown,
And fast the darkness floweth in.
'Tis sad to feel, and stand alone,
The day depart, the night begin;

No star of love will ever shine
Upon this dreary night of mine.

THE

DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER,
AUTHOR OF "THE MORRISONS," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

JANE AND BARBARA RAKE ASHES.

Mr. Raye, Mrs. Wallace's guest, had not returned from New York as the family expected, and Miss Copeland's betrothal had changed the programme of the day's arrangements.

It had been decided by the sensible Olivia and her future mother-in-law, that it would be better to announce the engagement at once, although neither of them particularly explained their reasons for the haste. Mrs. Wallace knew that her son was, if not exactly fickle, apt to weary with the object of his devotion. To be sure she had never been able to induce him to go so far before as to actually pledge himself to any young lady for life, but she had seen him apparently quite as much in love as he appeared now, and yet he had always been able to whistle off his fancies, and disappoint her anxious heart which looked to matrimony as the influence that was to develop the strong points of good in his nature, and make his character firm and energetic.

Miss Copeland was just the daughter-in-law she would have selected and chosen had she given her the commission to execute. She was handsome enough for any position, and most satisfactorily endowed by her aunt's will. She was dignified, amiable and sensible, with sufficient self-control to leave Louis free to follow his own tastes and habits, without the pertulant interference of a capricious beauty. She was companionable, received advice graciously, and had, beside, the wisdom to appear much impressed with Mrs. Wallace herself. Still although she was so desirable in her eyes, or perhaps for that very reason, did that anxious mamma regard her son's fidelity as questionable, and feel glad to think that the announcement of the engagement would lessen the chances of temptation, and divert the attentions of young ladies hitherto bent on his subjugation.

Miss Copeland in her own heart acknowledged some reasons almost akin to those. She had felt from the first that he had rather distinguished her by his attentions, but she knew that she had divided his fancy with a dozen others for a few moments at a time, who had been able to attract him by their gayety or beauty. She had triumphed over them all, and gained his love, in which she believed with her whole heart, and in which she gloried in the deeps of her immo soul, but she was not free from a troubled doubt and a sickening fear that would obtrude in the midst of her joy with the question, "Can I hold his love and keep it firm and true?"

So when Mrs. Wallace proposed to ride over

to Mrs. Darwood's and mention the affair at once, Olivia knew that it would soon circulate freely, and approved the plan.

There were notes to be written to their most intimate friends, and Olivia could not forbear writing a pleasant little letter to Madam Legro, in which the fact communicated itself incidentally, for she was fluttering proud of her happiness, and almost feared she should give too exulting expression to her joy.

She sat alone in her great chamber and planned the splendid ceremonies which were to see her made a wife; she luxuriated in the grandeur with which she could bestow herself upon the man her heart had chosen, and for his sake she doubly prized the wealth that she could bring him. No one would have dreamed of how thoroughly she gave up her thoughts to the luxury of brooding over her bliss. She feared ridicule, and never courted or lavished confidence, and her impulses were kept in check, therefore she revelled in her love by stealth, and only showed in the sweet, bright calmness of her face the pleased rapture of her soul.

Louis admired her more thoroughly than any woman he had ever seen, she was so well balanced, he said to himself, so reliable, and she crossed a room like a queen. These superior qualifications won his fancy, and as much of his heart as ever was in action at once. She seemed so entirely in earnest that it made him so too, and to do him justice, he never thought of her without wishing that he were worter of the heart he had won. She met him with a smile, and a strong inward struggle to be calm, for she felt that a free expression of her feelings would be unwomanly and indecent, but therein she failed in understanding the man to please whom was the first object of her life.

Slow to speak himself, he liked talkers, and dull to feel, he prized keenly sensitive people. In fact he relished best what was most unlike himself, and shrank from sluggishness or inanity as moral death and desolation.

Olivia was neither quiet nor stupid, she was eminently sensible and pleasing, and spoke well, though sparingly, on all subjects. She never could do anything original or say anything startlingly brilliant, she rather avoided such a style as an unenviable peculiarity, and as every one confessed who knew her, succeeded in being a perfectly agreeable and well-bred young lady, dignified without affectation, and intelligent without presumption.

Miss Leonore Raye troubled the affianced husband of this pretty young lady, much more than was proper or consistent under the circumstances for a companion of his lady-love to do. He explained the matter to himself by saying,

"She is Olivia's ward, one may say, and I shall be obliged to make myself agreeable to the odd little thing. I must really study the diminutive sphinx and find out what sort of being she is."

He made up his mind to this course, as if it were a positive duty to be entered on, and pursued it with much more interest and ability than duties of any kind generally received at his hand.

It did not at all suggest itself to him that his future sisters-in-law were to be understood and won over. In fact, he rather overlooked the pretty blondies, much to their own satisfaction, for they feared him as the man who was to be Olivia's ruler, and consequently theirs.

Mr. Raye returned by-and-by to Liverpool, and brought with him his wife, a lady whom Mrs. Wallace had never seen, and only invited at her son's desire, because, as he said, they had been very civil to him in Scotland. This addition to the family became the occasion of a grand dinner party, at which Olivia was to be present in character, as a sort of proclamation of the expected matrimonial connection.

Leonore Raye and Adah and Bertha looked on the ceremony as a bore, for they had heard nothing else discussed between their sister and Mrs. Wallace than the extent to which they might carry its splendor without outraging the solemn etiquette of their supposed sorrow.

Black dresses are not capable of much ornamentation, and Mrs. Wallace implored Olivia to allow her to alleviate the sombre hue by a gleam or two of purple and a dash or so of white, but Miss Copeland was steadfast in her propriety, and dressed herself in the blackest and heaviest of crapes and bombazines, in which, to do her justice, she looked uncommonly well.

There was one thing very odd and particularly worthy of attention in the arrangement of the day's toilettes. Leonore would not give the sisters the least satisfaction on the subject of her dress, although, as is usual in such small lady confidences, they had discussed with her every fold and ribbon of her property, and dressed herself in the blackest and heaviest of crapes and bombazines, in which, to do her justice, she looked uncommonly well.

services and coolly rejected those of the girl whose place it was to wait on her.

"Barbara," she said, as she saw the quiet housekeeper cross the hall that morning, "shall you be too busy to-day to dress my hair as you used to do when I first came here?"

The woman's face lighted up with a glow of pleasure.

"I am very happy to think you will allow me," she said, with a tenderness of tone that did not seem to belong to her usually cold voice.

"Yes, certainly," responded Leonore. "I think Miss Copeland does us all the greatest injustice to deprive us of your services upstairs."

She spoke lightly, but Barbara seemed full of interest in every syllable she uttered.

"Do you want me to wait on you?" she asked, eagerly; "if you do, I will give up everything else gladly. Miss Copeland scarcely needs a housekeeper—she is so capable of managing the place herself; and she really does everything that is necessary now. If you will have me for your attendant, Miss Leonore, I will be very, very happy."

"You would be very, very silly to think of such a thing," said the young lady, with sudden seriousness. "You are judged by a much more upright and sensible mistress than I could ever be. You do not know how capricious and exacting I am, nor what a folly it is to try to suit me in anything."

"I do know; and I should be so happy if you felt me needed or liked me."

"Oh, what an odd, cold and hot sort of a person you are, Barbara? I do like you, if that is any comfort; and I want you to come and help me often, if you will; though I shall never consent to your leaving the position Miss Copeland has given you; in fact, I think I should grow tired of you, if I had you all to myself, without any relief at all."

After this gracious speech, which the strange woman received as a favor, the speaker flew off, and Barbara stood still a moment, watching after her as something too precious to lose sight of.

The door of her room at the further end of the passage stood ajar, and through the opening, Crazy Jean, the peddler woman, seemed peeping, for she withdrew her face the moment Barbara appeared, and turned it towards the wall where the tall, oaken presses were, with a curious expression that her polished surfaces would have startled the housekeeper by reflecting.

"And who is that pretty maid?" she asked, after a moment's pause, turning round and meeting Barbara's eye with her usual look.

Barbara's face had changed too, her almost indescribable fondness of expression, the lingering look of yearning love had died out, and she answered with quiet indifference.

"That is the young lady you know more about than I do; sure you could tell her story, and I cannot even guess it."

"Right, Barbara; but still you are too fast in your conclusions. I may know about her, yet not know her. The truth is, her face is strange to me, though, as I told you, I knew she was Miss Bessard's ward, and I think I should grow tired of you, if I had you all to myself, without any relief at all."

"Who is she?" Barbara asked this question with a sudden emphasis, as if she hoped to startle Jean into an answer.

"Who indeed?" replied that wily woman. "A whim of Miss Bessard's; perhaps a far out relation—or maybe, a friend's child bequeathed to her tender care."

Miss Bessard had no such friends; but you do not choose to tell, it is a secret."

"Ask the young lady herself. She will tell her own story—perhaps."

"When she grows confidential with me I shall know all about it. You have heard the news. Miss Copeland is to marry Mr. Wallace, and The Poplars will have a master at last."

"Barbara," said the woman, closing the door tightly, and with her back against it, whispering in a suppressed tone; "Listen, woman—Dorsett is near you, and I will give you the power over him to make him wince and groan. Think, dear heart, it's a long score, growing daily longer—and you have never made him pay one figure off the list. It would be pretty work, and bring back your life and spirits. Why should you crawl along in this dead-alive way, and let him flounce in her propriety, and dressed herself in the blackest and heaviest of crapes and bombazines, in which, to do her justice, she looked uncommonly well."

I know you, Jean," answered the housekeeper, quietly, "and I can tell you the reasons why you urge me to such a course; you do not know me, so I shall have to explain to you why I take my own. You owe all men a bitter grudge, I think—therefore, do not fancy I am trying into secrets, it is all guess work, and you need not give a sign to prove that I am right. You hate men, and you love money—there's the reason you would have me set you on his track; to hunt him and gain gold would be sweet together; but I am an old woman, Jean; I will never seek to bring my withered face before him. He shall never look upon me again to know me,

under the light of Heaven. I was young, and may claim to have been beautiful, since it cost me so much in the past; that has all gone, and all that belonged to the time went with it. What I am here, is all that remains of me, and there is nothing to waken, no memory, no past—only dust and ashes that having once burned out can never be started into a flame again."

"You are either a fool, or you are playing with and trying to deceive me. I believe you are a hypocrite, and I will not heed you. No, Barbara Berry, I have gone over the road with too many, to miss the path now; and Dorsett's name wakes even you—though you struggle to deceive me, who knew the whole story."

"I will stay here, as you know; Miss Copeland wants me to sort her laces to-morrow, and take such as need repairing to the city. Why do you ask so often?" replied Jean, shortly.

"Did I ask before? then I am stupid and surely growing old. I have a heavy head to-day, and will go to bed till late at night."

Jean looked up sharply, as the housekeeper made this announcement, and then sat silent awhile, nursing her knee between her clasped hands, while Barbara consulted the little book at her girdle, and took out certain packages from her purse.

"I must carry these below to Margery," she said, "I think you do ill to keep your bundles closed, while the poor maids are all agape to buy ribbons and pins."

"Poor creatures," muttered Jean, "and great bother; I wish the silly sots would be content to buy their things half yearly, and make a bargain worth spreading one's wares for. They must see everything, and turn and twist every ell of goods in my packet to buy a few copper's worth of tape."

Barbara smiled.

"You forget Miss Bessard's advice, 'Keep on good terms with the people below stairs, for I would not have any of them fancy that you came here solely for my sake.' That was a wise caution not to be scoffed at, Jean. The young ladies are fickle and may not need your service long. You know Margery and her friends will always give you a welcome."

"That's true, my wile Barbara, and I'll go down and give them their satisfaction in staring and pricing everything. I promised when I was here a few days ago, to bring combs and pomatum, and by good luck I have both with me."

There was a short, square outside pocket, tied around the wandering dealer's waist, under the coat, that she had now thrown open in the warm room—the string had broken at the side, and Barbara had watched her put her hand into it every time she spoke of Dorsett, and urged upon her the pursuit and revenge of early wrongs. As she now rose it fell lightly on the ground at her side, and Barbara, stepping towards it, covered it with her skirt as the other moved away. When Jean reached the door Barbara dropped one of her packages.

"Don't stay for me, she said. 'I've broken this paper and must get a better one.'

Jean went down, and Barbara, closing the door, hastily slid a little bolt in the handle and ran and lifted up the pocket. It was empty of everything except a few shreds of lace pinned on paper as patterns, and a small card with the names "Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Raye." It was this Barbara had looked for; finding it, she clutched it eagerly and held it up before her eyes.

She had said she was old, and that by gone were forgotten, never to be recalled; but if the names were connected with the past, it was still fresh enough in her mind to change her whole bearing and confuse her features beyond the power of her control. She held the card in her trembling hand and seemed to devour the few letters with her greedy eyes; then she dashed it on the floor, as though she would tread it under her feet; but the habit of her life prevailed. She looked cautiously around, as if fearing that despite the locked door some prying eye might see her; then she picked up the paper, smoothed it and put it in the place she had taken it from, replacing the pocket on the floor as she did so.

"As I thought," she said to herself, "as I thought, and this woman has been deceiving me, of which she shall live to repent."

But she did not speak this aloud. She only went below, where Jean was busy arguing with the maids about prices, and said, "Has your pocket got money in it, Jean? If it has, you are careless; it's lying on the carpet in the room above, and had I not had my arms full, I would have brought it down to you."

CHAPTER IX.

A CEREMONIAL OCCASION.

Mr. Louis Wallace resented himself to despair when his mother informed him that

it was actually indispensable that they should receive and entertain the neighboring gentry with a dinner party. Miss Copeland would have argued ill for their future happiness had she overheard the expressions of petulant ill-temper with which he contradicted his mother's reasons for the advisability of such a reception.

"It is exactly like showing off the paces of a pair of match horses," he said. "Of course I'm proud of the dear girl and delighted and all that, but to lose the comfortable sense of being able to have one's own way in society, and to be obliged to frisk about in a new character is a horrid bore, and I don't mean to endure it."

"I don't understand you, Louis," faltered his mother. "I thought you were really rather fond of company. You used to urge me to extend my circle and be gayer than I quite liked."

"Society and gaiety are all very well; but don't you see, here are the Rayes, and you are going to ask everybody else, before all of whom I shall appear in my new role, with Olivia all consciousness and blushes. The party's all very right; but it's the position I object to. The girls are in deep mourning, and I really think it would have been in better taste for them to have remained away and let people become gradually used to the idea."

It is barely possible that Mrs. Wallace suspected in her inmost heart that this dear son of hers enjoyed the lazy sway he held among the young ladies of their society, and that she determined to nip it by this same ruthless announcement, but she merely said that Olivia, preferring to remain uncongratulated, except by their most intimate friends, her lover need be under no apprehensions of a scene or display, and she thought it due to Mrs. Raye that she should be presented to his future wife.

So the time came and the company assembled. Mrs. Darwood, Mrs. Barton Wellington, Mrs. Grover and her daughters, and the Lindons and Perrys, and other elegant families from Stapleton, the nearest town. Nearly all were seated and dinner was about to be announced, when the ladies from The Poplars arrived, and Louis, who was rather luxuriating with his friend Raye among the pretty and agreeable

take the injured lady of The Poplars to where his friend's wife sat and presented them to each other.

Miss Copeland had much the advantage in personal appearance, though the lady was quite young and rather pretty. She was brilliantly dressed, and wore a good deal of flashing jewelry, but she was not a perfectly elegant woman, as her husband seemed to tacitly acknowledge, by taking so much comfort in the society of other ladies. She was, however, quite talkative and agreeable, and her inclination was evidently towards confidence and enthusiasm.

"I am delighted to meet you, dear Miss Copeland," she cried. "I feel quite familiar with you already from kind Mrs. Wallace's description. We think of buying a place in Stapleton, and it will be just the most charming thing in the whole world to be near such perfectly lovely people as I find about the neighborhood."

It was the intention of Mr. Wallace that Olivia should fall into the toils of this gushing lady, and so he kept occupied from claiming too much from his gallantry during the dinner. She saw he meant her to be amiable to Mrs. Raye, and she sat down beside her and talked a little and listened a great deal. The lady was nearly a score of years younger than her husband, and had been his wife only for a twelvemonth. It was their bridal trip, she informed Olivia, that led them to Scotland; they had taken a cottage on the Clyde and enjoyed it so much, particularly while they were able to persuade Mr. Wallace to remain with them, being, as she averred, such company.

Olivia did not question her, nor particularly invite confidence, but as soon as Louis had retired, which he hastened to do as soon as possible, the new comer began to impart the story of her life in a desultory way, intermixing her narrative with comments or rather eulogies on the company and place. She was an orphan, educated by a dear, indulgent old uncle, she said, and then she paused a moment to promise Olivia the future pleasure of knowing and loving the dear, kind soul. Mr. Raye had been his guest and won her heart; it was a pure love match, and Miss Copeland would readily understand when she knew her husband, how naturally it fell out. He was older than she, but not very much, if you took into account his delightful spirits and the youthful freshness of his nature. They had wandered about a good deal through foreign countries, which the enthusiastic lady described as splendid, magnificent, or perfectly glorious; but Olivia could see that with all her rapture the poor soul was tired of traveling, and would enjoy being settled at home once more.

Mr. Raye, she confessed with a little hesitation, was fond of change—that is, he was not quite satisfied without it, and so she was learning to like it, too, although she found it rather tiresome now, and was consequently rejoiced to hear that she was to have a home at Stapleton. Mr. Wallace had told her so. Mr. Raye liked Mr. Wallace so much; and perhaps it is to be near him that he had at last consented to make a set-
tled home.

Mr. Raye could not forbear repeating—

"Mr. Wallace told you?" Why, does Mr. Raye mean to surprise you, that he does not consult your taste?"

"Oh no, it is his disposition—that is, he would rather manage every thing himself, and of course I am only intended to be spared all trouble or responsibility about the property. Uncle Stephen used to make me listen to all the details and give my approval or disapproval on all subjects, so that I should thoroughly understand the management of my own fortune," he said, but it was a great bore, and so unnecessary, since Mr. Raye is such an admirable business man that he never requires more than my signature."

Then the happy possessor of this invaluable husband sighed faintly, and admitted that she had one little bit of trouble, that from the serious and saddened look her face assumed, appeared to give her more than a little bit of uneasiness. Her uncle and her husband did not agree well, in fact, the good, affectionate old man was over anxious and old-fashioned in his notions about some things, and Mr. Raye naturally felt impatient with an intellect so much less keen than his own. The devoted wife sighed and shook her head—it would be all right soon, she trusted, and dear uncle Stephen would come and visit them.

Olivia was too well acquainted with the world to mistake the true character of the woman who so freely claimed her interest and bestowed her confidence. She followed her glace as it wandered over the drawing-room to find the object of her admiration, and almost shuddered to see that the innocent creature was blind even to her husband's faultless fancies. He was still talking to Louisa, and every line of his bright and ardent face displayed the pleasure with which she inspired him.

"He is so kind, and understands so well how to be interesting," said his wife, in fond admiration. "Mrs. Wallace made him promise to assist her, and he is keeping his word."

Olivia did not answer. She was looking steadily at the gentleman so prominently brought to her notice, and as she acknowledged to herself he was indeed both handsome and agreeable, suddenly so exquisitely.

"Look, pray look, old sir, you ever see anything so perfectly astonishing as the likeness between the two faces?"

Mrs. Raye started—Olivia's face was so excited and interested that she looked at the quiet and dignified lady who displayed such unexpected feeling with some astonishment.

"Do you mean my husband and that little creature in white?" she said. "A like between them! Oh, impossible! She is rather pretty, in I suppose she is considered so. She has a beautiful complexion and good eyes, but what an odd dress. White cloth or muslin, is it not? with a belt and bracelets, and snow drops in profusion. I can't conceive what made any one select such a curious style.—*Public Ledger*.

"It is Miss Raye, one of our house," said at The Poplars," said Olivia, hastily. "I should have told you so at first, but the wonderful resemblance which I cannot help but see between her and your husband really did trifled me."

"Miss Raye? Perhaps it is a relative. I will ask Louisa some time."

She did not ask him then, certainly, for with all her love she was a very timid wife, and seemed strangely in awe of the object of her affections. As for him, he gave himself no possible trouble about her in any way, and went down to dinner looking into the beautiful eyes of the little lady whose side he had never left since their first introduction.

Louis gave his arm to Mrs. Raye, and a stranger from New York, who was a guest of the Londons of Stapleton, escorted Olivia, who plunged into conversation on that favorite theme of New Yorkers, their own magnificent city.

This was not an agreeable entertainment to three people, although there was a more than usually brilliant company who seemed to make the best of the dull occasion, a country dinner party. The first of these was anxious Mrs. Wallace, despite whose strongest efforts her son would not assume the position she had so earnestly desired him to take as Olivia's accepted lover. He steadily and provokingly abstained from offering her any attentions or remaining a moment at her side, and against every device to the contrary, threw himself back into his old manner of inviting coquetry by his overrated assumption of listless coldness.

Neither was Olivia happy, the man she loved with her whole heart did not satisfy her cravings. Not for worlds would he have acknowledged him faulty or fickle, nothing could have been farther from her thoughts than to accuse him of want of truth or mainly purpose, and yet she neither trusted in him nor rested secure in his promised love. So she was unhappy without confessing the cause, and said to herself by way of excuse.

"That Mrs. Raye is blind—what a pitiful sort of love it is that has neither judgment nor reason for a foundation."

The subject of her doubts and fears, and yet unquestioning fondness, was himself in a dull humor with his mother's guests, and rather given to gloom when all was over. He was inclined to feel much disgusted with his friend Raye, a poor trifling creature, as he thought, to spend the day in an ardent effort to win the fancy of a mere child, a being too winsome to be won and worn by any man, and one that he himself had spared. He now questioned the wisdom that had led him to decide as he had done, and looked at the still and placid comeliness of his choice, in contrast to the airy grace and bright fascinations of the flashing Leonore, with a dissatisfied eye.

"I really do not believe I am in love at all," he finally concluded as he retired from his displeased mother's presence that night, "and when I did Olivia the injustice to imagine I was, and tell her so, I was the greatest dupe I shall ever be in the whole affair, let it turn which way it will."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

By E. L. Dyer for *Bread*.

Mr. Wm. Raye since, writing in the London Morning Star directs attention to the use of rye bread, on the score of cheapness. The writer adverts to the fact that bread made from rye is eaten by all ranks of society in the northeast of Europe, and is scarcely ever absent from the tables of the noble and the wealthy, because two sorts of bread are considered more wholesome and more nourishing than the exclusively use of one." Of the two kinds of bread, the rye and the finest wheaten, made at the Vienna bakery of the Paris Exhibition, and served at the whirling large beer-drinking hall, the rye bread was largely taken in preference. The case of a German is cited, who in his own country used to eat a slice of wheaten bread and a slice of rye bread together, and when on his coming to reside in England, suffered much in health from the entire use of wheaten bread.

To be somewhat more specific than Mr. Sime in relation to the use of rye bread by the people of the northeast of Europe, we would add, that rye is the chief staple for farinaceous food of Sweden, northern Russia, and the southern part of Norway, also Germany and the larger part of France. It is, indeed, said to nourish a more numerous population than wheat itself. In France and in Germany it is usual to eat bread of the flour of the two grains mixed in nearly equal proportion, and called *malted*. Rye flour contains some gluten or nitrogenous element, and also starch and sugar. The proportion of the former in rye is that of wheat having been estimated as 3 to 4. Rye bread may be kept for a length of time without losing its flavor, or being otherwise changed; and hence, the country people in France only bake every eight or ten days. The Swedish peasants carry their economy of labor and fuel still further, in baking their rye cakes only twice in the year. As may be readily supposed, these cakes are most of the time as hard as a board, and require strong teeth for their mastication.

An inquiry into the whole question of farinaceous food, by a Royal Commission, recommended by Mr. Sime, and also that it should repeat whether bread could not be made advantageously by machinery, similar to that shown at the Paris Exposition, and for which the gold medal was awarded. Many of our readers must remember that the making of bread in this way was carried on for a while in Philadelphia by a company of foreign and public spirited gentlemen, but their efforts were not crowned with success. To say whether the bread sold by the bakers could not be improved and made more nutritious, would be another part of the duty of the proposed Commission. The reform here must come from the consumers, so soon as they ask for bread of a corner boulanger, and learn that this is much more nutritious than the bread made by the new fine white flour, for which they evince such marked preference.—*Public Ledger*.

The Kingston (Canada) papers say that the frequent earthquake shocks, or some other cause, have induced the deer in the mountain region of Lake Champlain to descend into the plain on the Canadian side of the lake. They are so plentiful and tame as to be seen eating in settlers' barn-yards with the cattle.

"I have a little sister about three years of age, that is saying funny things every day. One morning, seeing a pitch-fork by the kitchen door, she said: 'There's the fork my little pony eats hay with.'

Ordinary fire-grates, as we all know, have open bars at the bottom; the result of which of course is to place the coal between

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1868.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST containing the early chapters of this story, between November 23d and December 28th inclusive being exhausted.

We printed about 5,000 extra papers of each of those six numbers, and thought it would be sufficient to supply all the demand, but we find that we were mistaken. We can still supply back numbers to the first of the year, containing the whole of Mrs. Hopper's story.

NIAGARA FALLS.

According to the *Buffalo Express*, there is danger of Niagara Falls breaking down, and degenerating into a simple rapids. That journal says:

For more than a year past, some watchful residents of the vicinity have marked a peculiar motion of the rapids at a point something less than half a mile above the apex of the horse shoe in the channel which the greatest body of water descends, and this motion has been of a character to give rise to the suspicion that a breach had been made by the current through the soft shale strata underlying the limestone that forms the present ledge of the Falls. Recently the appearance of the rapids, at the point indicated, has undergone a marked change, and so exactly in confirmation of the theory stated, that those watching it do not doubt the speedy doom of the famous Horse Shoe Cataract. If the limestone ledge, over which the river necessarily, is exposed, in course of being undermined by a submarine stream, breaks through as far back as nearly half a mile, of course the consequences, inevitable and liable to ensue at any moment, must be an immense break away of the face of the cataract, changing its whole form and appearance—perhaps converting the perpendicular fall into a shooting rapid, down a steep declivity.

Should the underlined ledge of the Horse-shoe give way, the Falls will perhaps recede at one step a greater distance than they have been back by the wearing of two or three centuries. Sir William Lyell estimates the average recession in recent periods to have been about a foot a year. It is certain that a considerable change in the situation of the Falls has taken place since Father Hommel recently sketched his view in 1851; for it is evident we have experienced a fair fall from the Canadian side toward the east, across the line of the main fall, and onward by a great rock that turned the dashed current in this direction. In 1850 this feature had already disappeared when Kuhn, the Swedish naturalist, visited the place.

It was the opinion of Prof. Hall, in his report that the continuous recession must be gradually diminishing the height of the Falls, both by the rising of the bed of the river at their base and by the slope of the massive limestone to a lower level. The thin-bedded limestone above being swept off, the succeeding strata and marls of the Onondaga group must immediately follow, and the Falls, he thought, may become short immediately stationary, when they have reached the base of the massive sandstone and their upper parts are now over its upper edge. This, Prof. Hall thought likely to be the case after a further recession of about two miles, and the height of the fall might then be reduced to about sixteen feet.

In 1851 there were great movements of rock at the Falls with a concession which took the whole country around by an earthquake. If our citizens are presently awakened some moment by a shock which starts them from their beds, they may know that Niagara Fall has become a memory of the past.

The above would appear to be very reasonable. If it be true, the importance of visiting Niagara before it becomes a thing of the past, will be evident to every one. Visitors from the old world as well as the new will doubtless next summer throng the banks of the falls, though it is to be hoped that there will be a reduction of number.

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It may be, however, a mere false alarm, originating with the hotel keeper, curiosity-mongers, and other persons interested in bringing strangers to Niagara. We remember a large portion of the tribe as being about the sharpest and meanest beings that ever decorated the vicinity of one of the world's wonders. Americans and Canadians, they were all of a pack—and the nationalities seemed to vie with each other as to which could extort the most money out of visitors. All the Scamps they seemed to have heard of. If the Niagara Falls ever do melt away, we shall consider it owing to the total disappearance of the Falls near to the large portion of these living in their neighborhood, and making a miserable gain out of their glories.

GRATE LINES.

Low-down grates are now very common in our Eastern cities—but the general complaint is that they consume a shocking amount of coal. They are used not in place of the cellar furnaces, but to supplement them—and are cheerful as well as heating.

A gentleman in the *London Builder* recommends a mode of treating the English grates, which may possibly apply to American ones. Not certainly, however, for they burn bituminous coal in England, and we generally anthracite. In cases however where coke or bituminous coal (as in the West) is burned, the plan recommended would probably succeed.

It is as follows:

"Ordinary fire-grates, as we all know, have open bars at the bottom; the result of which of course is to place the coal between

two draughts, and ensures rapid consumption and diminished heat in the apartment.

Now, to make one scuttle of coal go as far as three, send for an ironmonger or blacksmith, and order him to take the measure of the bottom of your grate and make you a sheet-iron plate about one-sixth of an inch in thickness, or even less, which, if your grate be large, will cost you 2s. Simply lay this on the bottom of the grate, then let your servant lay and light your fire as usual. It will soon burn up, but you must keep pretty open the lowest bar, so as to secure a slight draught. When the fire has begun to burn, put it gently from beneath, and the flame will gradually get through the entire mass of coals, the iron plate beneath gets red hot, and so keeps up a constant combustion, at the same time dispersing the heat through the room, instead of its being sent up the chimney, thus entirely consuming the coal, instead of filling the hearth with ashes. Mr. Warren says—"In my own house I tried the experiment for a week in the breakfast-room, then in the dining-room, then in the kitchen, with uniform and complete success; and then I had the sheet-iron plate put into every fire-place—and there was a man throughout the house—with equal success. So I do with the fire-place in my official residence. When the fire is once made up, say about 10 A. M., for the day, an occasional poke, and possibly a single replenishment, suffices for the day. In my own case, and also at my hotel here, where three scuttles were required one now suffices."

It would not cost much to try this plan with a single grate. If any of our readers should try the experiment, will they please send us word how it works?

DICKENS'S READINGS.

The third and fourth readings during last week, were as well attended as the opening ones. "The Trial" from Pickwick was even more thoroughly enjoyed on its second reading; while the history of little Paul Donibey was given with great pathos and effect.

We regret to learn that after the present course, which is concluded in the two lectures of the present week, Mr. Dickens will be able to give but two additional readings in this city, which will be just before he leaves the country in April. He will not be able to go farther south than Washington, or West than Buffalo, which will be a great disappointment to the many Western cities that have desired to hear him read. If he were to satisfy all the demands upon him, he might, we should think, go on with his readings, in various places, for the next two years—and still have the great American public, like Oliver Twist, asking for "more."

DO NOT FORGET THE ONIONS.—In this time of year, when cold andough abound, do not forget that onions are often a better and surer cure than drugs. As a correspondent of the Western Rural, says:—"Hardly too much can be said in favor of onions as a remedy for coughs and colds; especially for children, they are invaluable. They may be cooked, and eaten at meal time, or, what is better, eaten raw with a little salt, or stirred up in vinegar. A syrup made of them has saved many a child from an attack of croup or lung fever, and where the diseases were fully settled, it has gone far toward a speedy cure. To prepare the syrup, slice an onion in a thin slice, pour upon it a half a tumbler of molasses, or, what is better, honey; add a bit of butter as large as a small chestnut; set the dish in the oven, and simmer slowly for an hour. Let one of the oven doors open, so it will not be too hot."

Onions are one of the most nutritious and wholesome of vegetables, and were it not for the shocking odor they leave upon the breath, we should advise everybody to eat them daily. As it is, we can only recommend them in cases of necessity.

MADAME MUEHLBACH.—It seems that the true name of this well-known authoress is Madame Mundt. Before her marriage, when she was Clara Mundt, she wrote several works. Believing that should she use her maiden name as an authoress, she would be known as "Die Muehlbach" (the feminine of Mundt). Of a truth it is the duty of all philosophes to note down with accuracy the characteristic circumstances of their education—which hindered, what modified it.—*Currier*.

The loss of a mother is always severely felt. Even though her health may incapacitate her from taking any active part in the care of her family, still she is a sweet rallying-point, around which affection and obedience and a thousand tender endeavors to please, concentrate, and dryness is the blank when such a point is withdrawn. It is like that lonely star before us—neither its heat or light are anything to us in themselves, yet the shepherd would feel his heart sad if he missed it when he lifts his eye to the brow of the mountain over which it rises when the sun descends.—*Lamartine*.

"I, too, acknowledge the all but omnipotence of early culture and nurture; hereby we have either a doddled dwarf bush or a high tow, (wile shadowing tree!) either a sick, yellow cabbage or an edible luxuriant green one. Of a truth it is the duty of all philosophes to note down with accuracy the characteristic circumstances of their education—which hindered, what modified it.—*Cortely*.

Listen, good mothers: this is not a question of one of those idle studies, the only aim of which regards yourselves, but also the flesh of your flesh, the blood of your blood, these poor little creatures whom you have brought into this world, with passions, vices, love, hatred, pain, and death; for these are in truth what they have received from you with the life of the body; and these will indeed be miserable presents, if you do not also educate their souls, that is to say, arm them therewith to fight, lead them to a light whereby they may direct themselves.—*Amis Marce*.

AN AMERICAN WET NURSE.

An unsophisticated, innocent young woman, one of a large family of maidens in indigent circumstances, resolved to make an effort for personal independence by undertaking some honest vocation. With this view she carefully searched the newspapers, and decided to respond to an advertisement for a wet nurse. On going to the house of the advertiser he was confronted by the family physician, who had been specially engaged to inquire into the physical condition of applicants for the office, in order to secure one of unequalled excellence. The following scene ensued:

Young woman (eagerly)—"I have come to get the situation, if it isn't too late?"

Physician (examining the maidenly figure before him)—"But, madam, you do not appear to be very robust."

Young woman (confidently)—"Oh, sir, my health is very good. I haven't been sick since I was a baby."

"You will do now for my purpose," he said.
"Mercy!" murmured the woman, for the third time.

"If that's all you have to say, you may as well save your breath," sneered Lebrun. Then, without another word, he took her up under his arm, as though she were a truss of straw; and opening the door, carried her into the little croft outside, and laid her on the grass. Then he went back into the mill and fetched another long piece of cord. The autumn morning, clear and chilly, was just breaking. The eastern sky was streaked with pencils of saffron light. Night's dark skirts still lingered in the west. The incoming tide was breaking in great showers of spray on the rocky teeth outside the bay, and beating, white-fringed and passionate, against the restraining sands, as though it were a prisoner beating its heart out against its prison bars.

"The huge wheel by which the machinery of the mill was set in motion worked in a deep stone trough, hollowed out of the ground, into which, after performing its office of turning the wheel, the water fell from above, and was carried away by some underground channel. The wheel itself was made of timber, strongly bolted and bound with iron.

"Lebrun's next action was to fetch the short ladder, by means of which Mere Babet had gained access to the mill. This he put down into the trough, so that its lower end rested on the broad tire of the mill-wheel. Then picking up Mere Babet, and holding the loose cord in his teeth, he cautiously descended the ladder, step by step, till he and his burden were safe at the bottom, standing inside the wheel on the green and slippery wood-work. With quick and nimble fingers, the miller next proceeded to tie the helpless woman to one of the huge spokes of the wheel. It was done quickly and well, and Lebrun nodded his head, and grinned sardonically at the excellence of his own handiwork. A low moan for mercy—always the same word—burst from Mere Babet's lips now and again. Otherwise she was silent. As soon as Lebrun had satisfied himself that it was impossible for his prisoner to escape, he deliberately remounted the ladder and drew it up after him. Then he paused and spoke.

"You thought to rob Pierre Lebrun, and not suffer for it! Vile thief! You will never rob again. Long before this morning's sun is half-way up the sky, the devil, to whom you belong, will have claimed his own again."

"Adieu, ma mere! Present to his highness the assurance of my distinguished consideration, and tell him that if he ever ventures this way, I will serve him as I am serving you. Adieu! adieu!"

"A minute later, and the water began to flow. Lebrun was opening the sluice. At first a thin, trickling stream, but fast increasing in rush and volume, till the whole force of the water at the miller's command was brought to bear on the wheel and its burden. First the wheel creaked, then it shivered—as through shrinking from the terrible duty laid upon it—and then, as the water struck it more and more fiercely, it began slowly to revolve, and Mere Babet began to revolve with it. Tied firmly to one of the spokes, with her head pointing to the centre, and her feet touching the tire, as the wheel moved she moved with it, rising slowly, till her feet were in the air and her head downward; then coming slowly down on the other side. Never resting for a moment, never hurrying its pace, the wheel went round and round—a dripping monster that knew no weariness. But it was a monster that required constant feeding while it worked, and Pierre Lebrun was busy inside attending to its wants.

"Work and play at the same time!" he muttered. "It is not often that the two come together for a poor wretch like me. Oh! but it is sweet to be revenged!" "He went out every few minutes to glance at his prisoner, and nodded his head, and rubbed his hands gleefully, to find how satisfactorily everything was progressing. The great wheel dripped and sparkled in the rays of the early sun, as the rushing stream smote it fiercely from above. La Mere Babet, rising and falling slowly, now lost in the depths of the trough, and anon coming up, up, up, only to swoop slowly down next moment, looked, except for her ghastly face, with its crown of white hair, and her wide-starting eyes, like a mere bundle of saturated clothes. Twice she had given utterance to a shriek, loud, agonized, far-reaching, that might well have frightened the sea-birds in their rocky haunts, and had caused even the miller's nut-brown cheek to pale for a moment. But that was half-an-hour ago, and many things might happen in that time. There was something dreadful about the woman's continued silence. Lebrun's visits to the little grassy hillock beside the trough became more frequent, and the scowl deepened on his face, as Mere Babet, with the devilish obstinacy of her sex, refused to speak, or even so much as to look at him. If she would only have shut those dreadful staring eyes for a moment! But even that seemed too much to expect. At length the death-like solitude became unbearable. "Hallo! hallo! ma mere," he cried. "Are you asleep or awake? Has the water cooled your brain yet? Promise never to rob me again, and I'll set you free. Vile bag! why don't you speak? Speak! I say, or I'll keep you turning there till the day of judgment!"

"But la Mere Babet vouchsafed no answer. Not even by the flicker of an eyelid did she acknowledge that she heard what was said to her. The shrill scream of some wheeling sea-bird, the faint crowing of a cock on some distant farm, the heavy pulsing of the tide upon the shore, all these could be heard above the fierce rush of the mill-stream—these, but nothing more. Lebrun stood silent for a few moments; then he shook his clenched fist at his victim, drove his hands deep down into his pockets, and went back indoors.

"An hour later, Gaspard came up with the horse and cart, from Rozel. 'Good morning, my uncle. Have you succeeded in catching the thief?' he said, as he entered the mill.

"The miller nodded without speaking. Then taking his nephew by the sleeve, he drew him outside, and pointed to the still revolving wheel and its ghastly bundle of poor, dead humanity. 'Behold, how Pierre Lebrun revenges himself on those who do him an injury!' he said. 'We must hide this thing; and thou, my nephew, must keep a still tongue in thy head.'

The two men looked steadily into each other's eyes. This time it was Gaspard's turn to nod his head, which he did in slow and significant assent to his uncle's words. The wheel was at once stopped, and the cords cut. The body was hid away under some empty sacks till evening, and buried after dark in a deep hole in the garden at the back of the mill.

"The back of La Mere Babet would be missed from several of her usual haunts, and her absence commented on, can hardly be doubted; but no active inquiry or search was ever made into her fate. Such a task was no body's business—at least, the business of no private person—and the case was one that was never brought under the cognizance of justice. The old woman had been a vagrant and a wanderer for years; intercourse between people living at different parts of the island was by no means so common then as now; it was quite possible that la mere might have died and been buried in some little hamlet, and her friends, four or five miles away, be utterly unaware of the fact. So, as month after month went past, and the old woman was missed from her customary rounds, people could only shrug their shoulders, and suppose they should never see her again in this world, and hope that her wandering feet had found rest at last.

"At the mill of La Roquette matters went on, to all outward seeming, exactly as they had done for the last dozen years. The mill-wheel went round, and the miller and his nephew did their work after the same thorough fashion for which they had been so long noted; with the same disinclination for useless speech, and the same hard, grasping way in money matters. To their customers, there was no change visible in the old man or the young one; but, by-and-by, as autumn waned into the long mick nights of winter, Gaspard began to note a change in his uncle, which troubled his sluggish mind more than anything had troubled it for years. It was a change that deepened with the deepening year, but that grew no lighter as the days crept out again; seeming, indeed, to lie a more unnatural burden on the souls of both the men when leafy spring had come round once more, and all the island was red and white with blossom. With wrongdoers it should ever be wintry weather.

"The change in Lebrun was marked by an increased moroseness and taciturnity of demeanor; by a growing habit of secret drum-drawing; and by a reluctance to venturing anywhere out of the warm-lighted kitchen after dark. He would talk, too, in his sleep, and mutter strange things, that made Gaspard's blood run cold to hear. He never drank during the day, and always attended well to business; but as soon as the afternoon began to darken, he would creep away, without saying a word to Gaspard, to a little corner cupboard where he kept his accounts and books, such as they were, and would drink deeply of the cognac that was always there ready to his hand. Then, as the evening advanced, he would visit the cupboard again, and yet again; and in the middle of the night Gaspard often heard him with the bottle at his lips. Sometimes, when he was in his worse moods, he would, greatly to Gaspard's horror, re-enact his part of the ghastly drama in which la Mere Babet had been the unhappy victim; but, in Lebrun's waking moments, the murdered woman's name was never mentioned between him and his nephew.

"Twelve months came and went, and brought the first anniversary of the tragedy of La Roquette. Gaspard had business down in St. Helier that day; but Lebrun, without assigning any reason, commanded that it should be put off till to-morrow. All the day he seemed in a very restless and uneasy mood, and unable to settle to any one task for long at a time; neither did he wait as usual till afternoon before having recourse to his friend in the cupboard. When the day's work was over, and night really come, Gaspard was astounded to see his uncle light three candles in place of the one poor dip which had always hitherto been sufficient for their needs; and for the first time he made no secret of his drinking. They were early-gone to bed at the mill, and when the fingers of the clock pointed to the ordinary hour for retiring, Gaspard would have gone as usual. But his uncle stopped him. "I cannot sleep to-night," he said. "Thou must stay, my child, and keep me company."

"So Gaspard stayed, and the night went on. Outside there was a strong wind blowing, and a deep-voiced sea rolling heavily in; but the sky was cloudless and bright with stars. There was a restlessness upon Lebrun, which drove him frequently to the outer door. He would open it for a space of a few inches would seem to listen intently for a little while, would then close the door, sigh deeply, and resume his seat by the fire. When he had done this for the fifth or sixth time, Gaspard broke the long silence by asking, "Whom, then, do you expect, my uncle? and why do you listen so often at the door?"

"I expect no one. I am listening to the voices; but I cannot tell clearly what they say."

"What voices, my uncle? I do not hear them."

"Then, old as I am, my ears are better than thine," said Lebrun, contemptuously.

"Next time he went to the door Gaspard followed him.

"Hush! There they are again. Canst thou not hear them?"

"I can hear no voices save those of the wind and the tide," answered Gaspard.

"Go! Thou art dead asleep," answered Lebrun, as he shut the door. "The night is full of voices. Soon I shall know what it is they have to tell me."

"As the night wore on, Gaspard, on his warm seat by the fire, was gradually overtaken by sleep. He was awake by his uncle shaking him roughly by the shoulders, and on opening his eyes he saw that it was already daybreak. The door was wide open, and the rush of the wind had put out the candles.

"Awake, Gaspard! awake! There are not several voices this time, but one."

"Whose voice?" asked Gaspard, with a nameless dread creeping over him.

"The voice of la Mere Babet. Canst thou not hear her calling?" "Pierre Lebrun—Pierre Lebrun," she says, "I want thee. Come!"

"I hear nothing but the wind and the

sea. It is all a bad dream, my uncle," answered the white-faced Gaspard.

"Fool! I tell thee she is calling me. She has a great secret to reveal, and I dare not refuse to go."

"Without waiting for an answer he left the house, and went off towards the stable. Gaspard, nerveless for once in his life, and shivering with fright and cold, stood leaning against the door-post, and looking out into the gray, chill dawn. Presently Lebrun appeared, leading his old horse by the bridle. 'You are not going away, my uncle?' pleaded Gaspard; 'you are not—'

"Hark! La Mere Babet calls me again," interrupted Lebrun. "I come! I come!" he cried aloud; and, almost before Gaspard knew what had happened, his uncle had scrambled on to the mare's back, and was riding at a sharp pace down the hill, his white hair, uncovered-red, fluttering in the wind. At the bottom of the hill he turned, and waved his hand to Gaspard, and then set his horse to burst the sweep of moorland that formed the opposite side of the valley.

"Gaspard, like one in a dream, stood watching him. What if la Mere Babet had really called his uncle? Might it not be his turn to be called next? His heart seemed to be nipped in a vice as this thought crossed his brain, but still he kept his straining eyes fixed on Lebrun. Gradually the feeling of fear on his own account was lost in one of wonder as to what his uncle's ultimate intentions could be. He watched the horse and its rider slowly mount the opposite hill side till the summit was reached, and a wide stretch of undulating moorland lay before them. Across this they now began to speed at a headlong pace, and in a line as straight as the flight of an arrow. 'Great heaven!' murmured Gaspard, "does not my uncle know whether he is going to? Three minutes mere, and he will be over the precipice!"

"He tried to shout, but his voice was blown away in the opposite direction. He could do nothing but stand, with white face and bated breath, waiting for what might happen next. He could see Lebrun with hand and foot urging his horse madly on; he could see the space between them and the precipice rapidly lessening; he could see the miller wave his arm now and again, as if in answer to his ghostly summoner; he could see all this, and yet he was utterly powerless to avert the catastrophe which he knew that a few seconds more must bring about before his very eyes.

"The horror upon him was fast deepening, but he could not turn his eyes away for a single second. Nearer and still nearer to the fatal precipice! Gaspard's breath came more thickly. Lebrun's arms were working violently, as he urged his horse to still greater speed. The last few yards of turf seemed to fly from under them. A wild leap into space, a clenched hand flung up for one brief instant, and then horse and rider were gone! The rocks a hundred feet below, caught them on their sharp teeth; the wild waves seized upon them and carried them away, to make ghastly playthings of them for a few days, and then to toss them up contemptuously on some far-away strand.

"That very day Gaspard went down to St. Helier, to the office of the Chief Constable, and made a clean breast of the whole affair. The body of la Mere Babet received decent burial in consecrated ground; but from that day to this the Mill of La Roquette has never found a tenant."

Caught in My Own Trap.

They call thee false as thou art fair,
They call thee fair and free—
A creature pliant as the air
And changeful as the sea;

But I who gaze with other eyes—
Who stand and watch afar,
Behold thee pure as yonder skies
And steadfast as a star!

A star that shines with flickering spark,
Thou dost not wane away,
But shed at down the purple dark
The fulness of thy ray:

A rose whose odore freely part
At every zephyr's will,
Thou keep'st within thy folded heart
Its virgin sweetness still! T.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

UNDER THE MUD.

When Valentine Blake, in accordance with his expressed intention, informed Claude, over their cigars in the studio, of the subject of that *tete-a-tete* in the drawing room, and of how he had determined to apply for the post which Mrs. Murphy had been so good as to put in his way, the painter's countenance assumed an unavowed seriousness.

"Wants you to be tutor to young Bentinck, does she?" My dear Fred! I should have been more surprised, and I had almost said better pleased; for, depend upon it, she has got some crooked design in her mind. As for her solicitude to prevent this lad from growing up a scamp, that's rubbish. Why doesn't she take precautions in that way for her own Woody? I am sure he needs them. Posh, posh! Besides, between ourselves, Blake, my wife is not such an unruled dove under disappointment as that comes to; she's a dead more like the frugal porcupine. It's likely that she should feel this tender interest in one who has been the cause of her own child losing his inheritance?"

"The innocent cause," observed Blake quietly.

"Yes, yes; that's all very well; but his innocence is not the feature of his character which presents itself most obtrusively to me. Don't blush, but he is in love with you, I'll bet my gold thimble on it. I was just thinking of some of the stories I have read about young ladies mistaking handsome young fellows for their brothers, etc., and thought what fun it would be if you could only manage to mistake that gentleman for your brother Fred."

"Tell you what I'll do," I broke out, eagerly. "You know I haven't got time to-morrow, but I'll get you a place in the office of the Chief Constable, and then you can go to school, three years ago, and of course he's changed a great deal since then. Well, if that literary gentleman with brown eyes he is handsome, isn't he, Dora?"

"I'll get off at our station, I'll wait till his gets mixed up in the crowd, see him suddenly for the first time, rush up to him in a flutter of delight, call him brother Fred, and give him such kissing as he hasn't had since he saw his sweetheart last."

"Yes, I would, if I were you," said Dora, sarcastically. "You daren't, you know."

"Don't I dare, though? wait and see."

And so I dropped back into the cushion in silence till the train stopped at our station.

Dora gave me a wicked look, and whispered that she knew my courage would fail me, for the gentleman was really getting off.

I was not to be triumphed over, though; and so, as we stepped out on the platform I saw the literary gentleman standing amidst the crowd, and with a little bound threw myself in his arms, and kissing him full in the mouth, hysterically exclaimed—

"Fred, you dear brother, how do you do?"

I caught a glimpse of Dora—she was in danger of going into convulsions. I was expecting to hear the stranger say, confusedly, that there was some mistake, but to my surprise, he gave me a hearty embrace—kissed me two or three times—said he was well—that I had grown a great deal; and inquired for my little friend Dora—who, all this time, was exciting the sympathies of the crowd, as they supposed she was insane, judging from her frantic laughter.

"Fred, you dear brother, how do you do?"

"Awake, Gaspard! awake! There are not several voices this time, but one."

"Whose voice?" asked Gaspard, with a nameless dread creeping over him.

"The voice of la Mere Babet. Canst thou not hear her calling?" "Pierre Lebrun—Pierre Lebrun," she says, "I want thee. Come!"

"I hear nothing but the wind and the

image has been treasured up so carefully in my sister's heart."

I was bewildered beyond measure. It really was Fred, then, and I had not known him! I felt slightly ridiculous, and white introducing Dora to my brother, whispered her to keep quiet in reference to my intended trick.

I was too much confused to think of inquiring what he came to be in the car with out seeing me; so we all went to the carriage which was waiting for us, and drove rapidly to our home.

I had never known Fred to be so affectionate. He held my hands in his own all the time, and kissed me at unnecessary intervals; but to tell the truth, I had never loved him half so well before—never thought him half so handsome.

We reached the gate. Mother kissed me and cried over me; father repeated it; and finally a frank, hearty voice broke out with—

"Hallo, sis! aren't you going to notice your scapegoat of a brother at all?"

And to my astonishment a handsome fellow I had not yet seen gave me a genuine hug, and a kiss that you could have heard across the yard.

"There is some mistake," I murmured; "are you my brother Fred? I thought that gentleman was," pointing to the handsome gentleman I had embraced at the depot.

"Why, sis, are you crazy? Of course I'm your brother, and that fellow is my college chum, Archie Winters, who went half way up the line to meet you. What are you blushing at, Nell? I didn't have time to go, and let him take your picture with him, so that he would be sure and know you. He's been playing off some of his mad pranks, and passing himself off for me, I'll warrant."

I looked at Archie Winters beseechingly, and as they were all going into the house, I whispered to him—

"For pity's sake do not speak of that mistake. How could it have happened?"

vantage of the recurrence of name to arrest Claude in his tirade.

"Like him?"—no, man. There was no thing to like in him. He was a mere human money bag, very strongly stitched. His first conversation with me, and his last, and I believe all the intervening ones, was about money. Money was tight, he used to say everybody was selling out. "I am investing sir; but then, added he in consequential tones, 'I am the Individual, and not the General Public.' Thank Heaven for that, thought I; but it would not have done to have said it; for Ernest Woodford is no fool. He makes the slight mistake, indeed, of imagining himself to be a sagacious man; and above all things, he prides himself upon having no enthusiasm; so beware, my dear Blake, how you broach your popular patriotic theories. Nay, the fellow has not even a prejudice—except one, by-the-by, and that is against all Irishmen. Fortunately, you have not much of a brogue, but what you have I recommend you to stifle."

"You don't paint my future employer in rose-color, Mr. Murphy. But your wife was mentioning some other folks I should meet with at Downton Hall. There was Dr. Warton, for instance—the man who puts in the advertisement."

"Ah! you will find him a clever fellow, and an agreeable relief from the Black Squire, if drink has not by this time drowned his wits; but besides him, upon my life, I know nobody you'll have to speak to. Mr. Wilson, the parson, is a very good creature, I believe, but not having been taught the Cumberland dialect in my youth, I was never much edified by his company. Then there's Little Evey—by-the-by, she is big Evey now—Miss Evelyn Sefton, my wife's niece; and if it was not simply impossible to foresee to what a child may grow up, I should say you would find here the pleasantest face you ever set eyes on. Yes, I have very little doubt that Evey's beautiful, but I'll lay my life that Evey's good. A marvellous child, sir, that was, wise far beyond her years; exquisite and graceful in all her ways; and with a tenderness of heart that would do honor to an angel. Ah! if Providence had given me such a daughter, Mr. Blake, she would have made this howling wilderness here a smiling garden; she would have taken Woody himself in hand, and moulded him into some resemblance of the Human; she would have given an object in life to me—Yes, I know I've got one already, but I don't mean that sort of object. I'd have worked my fingers off for such a child as that; and every ten pound note which I could have saved for her, would have given me greater pleasure than I now feel in spending them—and I am very fond of spending money, Mr. Blake."

"Miss Evelyn must indeed have been a wonder, as a child," observed the other dryly. "How is it, being a woman, that she has not met with a husband?"

"Well, thereby hangs a curious story," returned the painter. "I see you are getting a little tired of my enthusiasm, but the fact is, not only did this girl endear herself to me (as she did to everybody who knew her, and was able to appreciate her worth,) but I had the misfortune to do her an involuntary wrong, which still more softens me towards her. Ernest Woodford had a nephew—Charles—a fine, bold, open-hearted lad, who naturally felt impatience of the restraints of such a home as that at Sandalwhite; and when his uncle asked my opinion of what should be done with him, my recommendation was to let him see the world. I did not mean exile, with half the globe placed between the poor young fellow and his friends; but his uncle, wishing to get rid of him, since the boy's nature shamed his own by contrast, as I fancy, affected to take me at my word, and so Charles was sent abroad—and died there; he was drowned in Rio harbor."

Claude Murphy's rich voice grew quite hoarse; and it took some time, and a deep draught of whiskey and water, to reinstate it in its proper key.

"Well, you may smile," continued he, "but, I believe, child as she was, that Evey was in love with him, not the boy with her, you know, of course, although he used to call her 'his little wife.' At all events, when the news came of his death, you might have thought the child had been really left a widow. I have been told it was the saddest thing to see the change wrought in that young creature. There was but little parental grief, such as one would have expected, but a shadow fell on her young life which has darkened it ever since. Perhaps I am wrong in this opinion; perhaps the young woman would have married long ago, had she had any suitable offer, which it is likely enough, has been wanting at Sandalwhite; but my belief is what I have stated. When you become her cousin's tutor, you will have an opportunity of judging Evey for yourself."

"Yes," returned Valentine Blake, thoughtfully, "and whatever I find her, I shall, at all events, remember that she once inspired Claude Murphy with genuine affection and respect."

"A man that knows men and women well, sir," observed the painter, pulling up his shirt-collar.

"A man that has a sound heart, sir, which is better," returned the bearded friend, reaching his hand across the table to grasp Claude's.

"Well, upon my life, I don't know, Blake," answered his host, shaking his head doubtfully, while gripping the proffered fingers with great cordiality. "Most times, I think I am a most awful scamp; but sometimes I do retain the hope that there may be some good bottom under the mud."

CHAPTER XXIV.

UP THE SCREEN.

"The road seems to wind here a good deal, my man," observed Valentine Blake, to the driver of the vehicle that was conveying him from the railway station to out-of-the-way Sandalwhite. "Is there no short cut over the hills?"

"Short-cut? Yes, there are straight over Blackbarrow yonder—but then it's not find it a nearer road, I warin."

"Well, I'll try," returned the other, leaping out of the vehicle just as though it had been standing still, before the man could stop his horses. "If I get to the top of the hill, I suppose I shall catch sight of the house?"

"Ay, if thou get there, thou wilt. But thou man look out for the peat-moss; and there's kind o' screes to climb, where thou'll rive thy cleighs, I warin. And the top o' the Fell ain't allus where it looks to be, thou'll find."

"A very true observation, my man, which applies to other things than hills," replied Blake, smiling, "but I am used to rough travel, and to find my way in a strange country with less of direction than you have given me, so I will take my chance. Your horses will much prefer my room to my company. I am sure, and don't hurry the poor beasts; for if they take my luggage to Downton Hall at a foot's pace, it will get there in time enough."

"A merciful man is merciful to his beast," says the Scripture; but mercy to hired horses argues a much higher degree of benevolence; at all events, it evidenced as much to the honest Cumberland driver, who jogged on, well pleased enough with his lighted load, and muttered to himself: "A guid lad, a guid lad; but a fule tu that walks when he can ride."

Unconscious of this depreciating remark, Valentine Blake sprang up the hillside until the carriage had turned a bend of the road and was hidden from view, then he sat down, bunched, and surveyed the way by which he had come with penitent eyes. He had seen many grander sights than winding Ilklenwhale—with its broad, bright stream, filling up half the narrow valley, and its gray rocks tailowing in the April sunshine—but none more fair. There was not a house within view, nor even a shepherd's hut; nothing witnessed of man's hand save the long white straggling line which was the road, and the circle of great stones by the river's brink, which marked where the sheep-washing took place in its season; yet the peaceful spot looked very livable and home-like, and especially to the eyes of this wanderer in many lands; but he drew out his watch, and found that he must needs push on if he would reach Downton Hall at the time at which Mr. Woodford had written to say he should expect to see him at dinner. Valentine Blake therefore arose, though not without a sigh, and, with his long, firm strides, soon gained the ridge of upland, where the mountain breeze began to fan his forehead, and the weight of thought that sat there to dislodge beneath its influence, like snow in sunlight. There is nothing like the mountain air for drowning care—mountain-air cannot compare with it for a moment, and then the sights upon that highest of highways are enough to warn the heart of an intending suicide, and make it in love with Life. But presently began quite another sort of natural beauties—the Scares, of which our way-farer had been warned. These were simply a loose mass of shingle, sloping down very abruptly to a mountain tarn, the colors of which vied with the rainbow. Valentine could see them shining far before him, more like some alpen-palace in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, than the reality of rocks and stones which they appeared as he drew nearer, with a slender path at the bottom, which followed every pit and cove of the black lake below.

"A nice place for a surprise!" thought the ex-soldier, as he set foot upon this narrow track, and cast his eyes upon the almost precipitous cliff upon his right, the enchanted coloring of which had almost entirely disappeared, leaving a bluish yellow *detritus* of shingle, with here and there a knot of rock projecting like a cannon from a porphyr.

"The folks at the top would only have to loosen a few of wonder boulders, and Gunzeppe himself would hesitate to force his way."

Scarcely had Valentine given utterance to this reflection, when, as though the remark had provoked it, a huge round rock immediately above his proposed line of march began to move in its shallow bed; he could scarcely believe his eyes as he saw it tremble and sway, and then rotating first slowly, then swifter and swifter, began to leap with enormous bounds until it almost struck the bottom when, with one gigantic spring, it rose into the air only to plunge with aullen plash in the affrighted tarn. The noise, repeated as it was by a prolonged echo, was deafening; and the dust from the debris, which it shattered into a thousand pieces, wherever it touched, rising smoke-like from the points of contact, produced all the appearance of a cannon shot next to it succeeded a rapid settling of the shingle, exactly like theattle of small arms.

"I did not know there were such things as avalanches in this country," muttered the astounded Blake, coming to an involuntary pause. But before he could make up his mind either to advance or retreat, another and larger rock, as though emulating the morbid example of its fellow, sought refuge in the still depths of the tarn. The descent took place so much nearer to Valentine than the first, that he watched, not without apprehension, its deer-like bounds, as it set the and that huge stone, almost as large as itself, in motion, and well nigh brought down the hillside with it. As Valentine looked on in wonder, as soon as the subsidence of the dust would permit him to do, he thought he caught sight of a human head. It was withdrawn from his view immediately, but the impression was so strong on his mind that he had seen it, that he cried out, "Take care, there's a man below." Then, to his exceeding astonishment, a figure appeared on the edge of the cliff, gesticulating like some malignant pestle in German legend, and clutching his pantomime performances with a scream of exultant mirth. Valentine Blake's lips were what is called Cupidion, and it was a bad sign with him, and a worse for his enemy, when they grew straight and shut close together, as they did now.

"Look out!" cried a hoarse voice, apparently half suffocated with laughter, and then a vast rock, directly overhanging the spot where Valentine stood, began to move; not easily, however, for it was more deeply embedded than the other, and required a good deal of leverage to set it in motion; it was owing to this fortunate circumstance that he was able to place a considerable distance between himself and the line of descent before it began to move; but even as it was, he incurred great risk, for the formidable missile happened to strike in its headlong course upon one of the projecting points of rock, whereupon it instantly became a shell,

pulverizing into a hundred fragments, which scattered themselves far and wide. When the individual, a handsome but coarse young man of about twenty years of age, who was thus amusing himself, next peered down, with twinkling mischievous eyes, to see what had become of the unhappy wayfarer, the path was vacant. For one instant, his sunburned cheeks took leaden hue, smitten with the thought that his practical joke had been carried considerably too far; but the next, he leaped up into the air, and executed a flourish with the cudgel which he had been using as a lever.

"Why, this fool of a fellow!" cried he, "is absolutely coming up the Scares!"

It certainly looked a foolhardy task enough which Blake had undertaken, but he had chosen the very track which the last boulder had taken, at the top of which there was no other rock to be set a rolling, so that he had, at all events, only the difficulties of the hill itself to face. These were indeed no slight ones, for as every step was placed on yielding ground, which not only gave way but carried him with it, the shingle loosened from above perpetually poured down upon him. When, in spite of these obstacles, however, it became evident, that if his strength did not fail him, the stranger's determination would bring him to the top, the individual in possession of the heights began to bestir himself. He loosed the smaller rocks which lay in his neighborhood, and aimed them with great particularity, although without effect, at the coming foe; and arming himself with formidable stones, he kept up an incessant fire, which the attacking force received or escaped according to circumstances, but in the face of which it never swerved or hesitated.

"Who the devil can it be?" murmured the young fellow a little uneasily, notwithstanding his almost Herculean proportions and the possession of his cudgel. "I don't know a man in the country that could come up Blackness Scares—I say," roared he, as the other drew ominously near, and he was able to see that bearded face for the first time, with its eyes gleaming cold and vengeful, and his lips, that had never spoken save once, knit together with a purpose that boded him no good—"I say, if you'll be civil, I will not throw any more stones."

It was a little late for a garrison to propose conditions with the enemy so close to the gates; and so it occurred perhaps to the young man himself, for upon receiving no reply to his proposition, he began to move away at a sharp run, although by no means at full speed, and looking behind him with every other step, like one who thinks it prudent to retreat, but at the same time has no apprehension of being overtaken. Nor was the youth's confidence in his legs misplaced, for he was one of the best runners in Cumberland. He watched the stranger arrive at the summit of the Scares, and sit down to rest; he saw him take out his handkerchief, and stand in leisurely fashion the blood that flowed from a place in his forehead, where one of the small sharp stones had struck it; no idea of vengeance for the present seemed to be entertained. But the next time he turned round, which was after a longer interval, he beheld, to his surprise, the bearded man in hot pursuit, and not only running at great speed, but in a manner which, to his practised eye, suggested him to be a foreigner.

"You have good legs," quoth the young fellow viciously, setting his large white teeth together, like a wild beast at bay, "but I will see how they like the peat-moss."

This was a vast stretch of boggy land, not dangerous, indeed, but only traversable at speed along a certain zigzag track, in no way marked except from its being a shade less than the rest of the peaty ground. To set foot to the right or left of this, was to sink many inches into the pitch-like ooze, which was to all appearance solid earth, and bore upon its treacherous surface the fairest and most delicate spring-flowers of the Fell. Without slackening for an instant his new headlong speed, the young man traversed this narrow and tortuous track, and not until he found himself upon the firm ground on the other side of the bog, did he turn his head to see what had become of his pursuer. Then, with something akin to terror, he perceived that not only was the latter following every turn and winding of the path with bloodhound-like accuracy, but that, notwithstanding his own exertions, he was actually gaining ground upon him. The whole breadth of Blackbarrow, which was narrow in that part, had now been well nigh crossed at this racing speed, and he was approaching the edge of it, beneath which lay, although by no means immediately, the vale and lake of Sandalwhite. There were two ways by which to descend right and left, both meeting five hundred feet or so lower down, in the same blind valley where Claude Murphy had vowed and won the fair Selina, the former of which was the longer but the less precipitous; and this, with the recollection of his pursuer's quality upon the Scares fresh in his mind, the young man, without a moment's hesitation chose. Tall and muscular, his own weight aided the rapidity of his descent, so that in a space of time that could only be measured by seconds, he reached what was comparatively level ground; yet he at the junction of the other path, there was the bearded man awaiting him, with sparkling eyes and heaving chest indeed, but far less out of breath, as it seemed to him, than out of temper. Wide-eyed and panting, the young man, with a moment's hesitation chose. Tall and muscular, his own weight aided the rapidity of his descent, so that in a space of time that could only be measured by seconds, he reached what was comparatively level ground; yet he at the junction of the other path, there was the bearded man awaiting him, with sparkling eyes and heaving chest indeed, but far less out of breath, as it seemed to him, than out of temper. Wide-eyed and panting, the young man, with a moment's hesitation chose. 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WIT AND HUMOR.

Mr. Billings on the Crow.

Next to the monkey, the crow has the most deviltry to spare. They are born very wild, but can be tamed as easy as the goat kid, but a tame crow is actually wuss than sore thumb.

If there is envy thing about the house that they kant git into it is because the thing skint big enuff. I had rather watch a distrik skint than one tame crow. Crows live on what they kan steal, and they will steal envy thing that aint tied down.

They are fond or meat vittles, and are the first few hold an inquest over a departed horse, or a still sheep. They are a fine bird tew hunt, but a hard one tew kill; they kan see you 2 miles first, and will smell a gun right through the side or a mountain.

They are not songstree, although they have a good voice to cultivate, but what they do sing they seem to understand thoroughly; long practice has made them perfect.

The crow is a tuff bird, and kan stand the heat like a blacksmith, and the cold like a sun wall.

They build their nest among a tree, and lay twice, and both eggs would hatch out if they was laid in a snow bank. There aint no such thing as stopping a young crow.

Crows are very lengthy, I believe they live always, I never kno one to die a natural death, and dont believe they kno how.

They are always thin in flesh, and are like an injun rubber shew, poor inside and out.

They are not considered fine eating, altho, I hav read sumwhere ov boiled crow, but still i never heard ov the same man hankering for some boiled crow more than wonst.

This essa on the crow is coppied from nature, and if it is true I aint ten blame for it, natr made the crow, I didn't, if I had i would have made her more honeste and just tuff enuff to make soap ov.

An Awful Muddle.

A young gentleman by the name of Conkey having united in the holy bands of wedlock, sent the marriage notice, with a couplet of his own composition, to a local paper, for publication, as follows:

"Married—On August 1st, A. Conkey, Esq., Attorney at Law, to Miss Euphemia Wiggin.

"Love is the union of two hearts that beat in softest melody,
Time with its ravages imparts no bitter fusion to its ecstasy."

Mr. Conkey looked with much anxiety for the issue of the paper, that he might see his name in print. The type into whose charge the notice was placed happened to be on a spore at the time, and made some wonderful blunders in setting it up, thus:

"Married—On August 1st, A. Donkey, Esq., Eternally at Law, to Miss Euphemia Wiggin.

"Jove is an onion with two heads that beat in softest melody,
Time with its cabbages imparts no better food to an extra dray."

Waiting for a Lord.

Rather an amusing story is going about of a "green 'un," who came down from Castlefin the other day to Strabane on some business, and who, in returning again to the station, found he was almost in time to be too late. He hurried to the gate at full speed, but it was to hear the fatal signal given, and to see the train passing quickly off, at increasing speed. With a face full of excitement, and with as much authority as he was capable of commanding, he shouted to the guard at the top of his voice, "Stop, for Lord Lyford is coming." It acted like magic. The obsequious guard instantly signalled, the speed soon slackened, the train stopped, moved back, and took its place at the platform, to wait his lordship's arrival. Meanwhile the very anxious herald secured his ticket, and, with great composure, took his seat in a third-class carriage. Then, putting his head out of the window, he informed the obliging guard that his lordship had entered, and that he might move on—*London paper*.

Didn't Serve.

A certain Mobile deputy is decidedly un-sophisticated. The other day he was out looking up a jury, and came across a gentle man who is noted for his love of joking. Stopping him on the street, he drew out his list and said: "Mr. —, I want you to be at the court room to-morrow to serve on a special jury." Our friend, who has a decided disinclination to officiate in that capacity, drew himself up stiffly, and in the most dignified manner said: "Are you aware sir, that I am a Son of Malta?" The deputy, with an affrighted look, replied: "No, sir, I was not. That excuses you, doesn't it?" "Well," replied our friend, in the same dignified manner, "you can draw your own inference about that, sir." The deputy replied: "That's all right, sir," and scratched our friend's name off the list, and passed on greatly to his relief and amusement.

REGGED TO BE EXCUSED.—A new song entitled "Kiss Me," is being published in Louisville. A sweet and blushing maid having heard of it, proceeded to a music-store, and said to a modest clerk: "I want 'Rock me to Sleep.'" The piece of music was laid before her. "Now," said she, "I aint the 'Wandering Refugee,'" and it was produced. "And," she continued, "now, 'Kiss Me.'" The young man blushed, stammered, and begged to be excused. [This last we doubt.

A FASHIONABLE BONNET.—The Main Farmer recommends country ladies to take a medium sized pumpkin seed, carefully cut out the meat on the under side, put narrow strip of fur around the edge, and fasten the strings to the sides, and they will have a bonnet in the pink of the fashion. The broad end of the bonnet should be worn in front to keep off the sun and wind.

[?] The first day a little boy went to school the teacher asked him if he could spell. "Yes, sir." "Well, how do you spell boy?" "Oh, just as other folks do."

[?] "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"—of some one else.



CONSIDER OUR FEELINGS.

SWELL TAILOR (to new customer, not from the West End).—"You'll excuse my asking, sir—but—a—you don't mean to wear *our* clothes with that hat?"

THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

The land beyond the Sea!
When will life's task be o'er?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore
O'er the dark strait, whose billows foam and roar?

When shall we come to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea?

The land beyond the Sea!
How close it often seems,

When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams;

And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait
and dreams!

It longs to fly to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea?

The land beyond the Sea!
Sometimes distinct and near

It grows upon the eye and ear,
And the gulf narrow to a chardlike mere;

We seem half way to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea?

The land beyond the Sea!
Sometimes across the strait,

Like a drawbridge to a castle gate,
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait

For us to pass to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea?

The land beyond the Sea!
O, how the lapsing years,

Mid our not unmusing tears
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers

Of those we love, to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea?

The land beyond the Sea!
How dark our present home!

By the dull beach and sullen foam
How weary, how drearily we roam,

With arms out-stretched to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea?

The land beyond the Sea!
When will our toil be done?

Slow footed? more swiftly run
Into the gold of that misty sun?

Home-sick we are for thee,
Calm land beyond the sea?

The land beyond the Sea!
Why faintest thou in light?

Why art thou better seen toward night?

Dear land! look always plain, look always bright,

Calm land beyond the Sea?

The land beyond the Sea!
Sweet is thine endearment,

But sweeter far that Father's breast
Upon thy shore eternally possessed;

For Jesus reigns o'er thee,

Calm land beyond the Sea?

—Pater.

A Singular Adjutant.

During the battle of Waterloo, a young man on horseback stationed himself near the tent of the Duke of Wellington, attentively watching the battle. Wellington turned round upon him suddenly, with the air of a man who was looking for somebody, and on seeing a civilian quietly standing and looking on, broke a lance rather abruptly.

"What are you doing here?" "I am travelling," replied the man. "My name is Jones," replied the man. "I am travelling agent for the large hardware house of Smith & Jenkins, London. When I learned at Brussels that a battle was imminent, I rode hither to see it, but I am afraid I shall have to leave and pay for my horse; the enemy's balls are in most unpleasant proximity."

"Will you render England a service by taking an order to a certain point I shall indicate?" "Why not? It is a matter of indifference to me, where I go. But will your officers to whom I am to take that order, believe me?" "There—take my ring and tell the general what I am going to tell you now!"

The agent took the order, galloped off into the thickest of the battle, and the execution of certain movements of his army gave the Duke the assurance that his order had been delivered. The travelling agent, however, was nowhere to be found, and Wellington supposed him to have fallen.

Many years after this singular incident, a Mr. Jones was announced to the Duke, then at London, desiring to see him. Wellington instantly recognized his quandant adjutant, and questioned him as to the particulars of his personal undertaking. Jones told him, that, after having delivered the order, he had been tossed about for several hours, and lost his horse by a cannon ball; that, however, he had not taken any part in the

battle, since it did not concern him. The Duke smiled and asked how he could express his gratitude for the service rendered. Jones, by that time made a partner of the house, recommended the same for Government contract, and Smith, Jenkins, and Jones have ever since furnished the coal shovels for army and navy use.

Concerning Sermons.

There is a deal of pulpit preparation and pulpit performance, "word upon word, line upon line," page upon page; and yet, measuring the great mass of preaching, there is scarcely anything the people buy and pay for that so off-edges. How few persons of the congregation can remember even the text of sermons. "O, we had such a b-e-a-u-tiful sermon this morning—it was *spid-did*," "Ah! glad to hear it; what was the subject?" "We-e-l, why, the subject? W-h-y, we-e-l, now I declare, let me see—the subject? What's this the text was?—now, really, what makes me so forgetful? I am sure I thought I could remember that—but it has slipped my mind."

And that's it goes. Sermons are generally so only they *slip* the people's minds. Why not rough them a little—make them raspish—so that somebody will be rubbed against the grain, stirred up, tendered, so impressed that at least the text and theme and leading thoughts and points may be remembered.

REMEDY FOR WARTS ON COWS' TEATS.

—Any time that there are warts on a cow's teat, I take hold of the teat with one hand, and, with the thumb and finger of the other, take hold of the wart and give it a twist, and it will come out by the roots without any injury to the cow, and without the loss of much blood. I have been a milker of cows for the last thirty years, and that is the only way that I have taken to remove warts.—*Country Gentleman.*

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THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

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